

The Beehive.
The Westminster Review. New York: Leonard Scott
& Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.
The July number of this quarterly is exceedingly interesting, and its table of contents is as varied as it is inviting. Article first is upon "Ancient Political Economy"—article 2 upon "English Courts of Law"—3, on "Suicide in Life and Literature"—4, "French Politics"—5, "The Sonnets of Shakespeare"—6, "Manifest Destiny of the American Union"—7, "The Testimony of the Rocks"—8, "Naples and Diplomatic Intervention"—9, "The Life of

The article upon American Politics will attract much attention in this country; the one upon George Stephenson is the most interesting in the number, while that upon "Suicide in Life and Literature" is able, and full of a terrible interest.

The Cyclopaedia of Wit and Humor. Edited by William E. Burton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have received three numbers of the above, and learn from a prospectus enclosed that it is to be issued in 24 numbers—two numbers in a month. Each number contains a fine steel

portrait and innumerable wood engravings, executed in the highest style of the art. The editor—Barton, the comedian—is peculiarly fitted for his work, and he will, if the numbers before us are a fair sample, make a unique and indispensable collection of the wit and humor of America, England, Ireland, and Scotland.

The work is not sold by the booksellers, but through agents only. J. B. Ford is the general agent in New York.

Maryat's Novels. New York: Derby & Jackson.
Jacob Potifail.
Stanley Jew.
Japhet in Search of a Father.
The Phantom Ship.

The above-named novels, together with those noticed last week, constitute all of Capt. Marryat's works, or rather stories. The general remarks made last week will of course apply to these volumes. They are issued in the same style, written in the same style, and have the average faults and merits of the others.

"Jacob Faithful" is an excellent story, full of interest, abounding in lively scenes, fun, and cheerfulness.

"Snarley-yow" is a singular book. Several of its characters are Dutch, and *low* in the bargain. The interest of this story is pretty well

"Japhet in Search of a Father" is an average story, but not equal to "Peter Simple" or "Midshipman Easy."

"The Phantom Ship" is a wild, strange dramatic novel, and, though portions of it are well written, as a whole it is a failure. Marryat is not himself in attempting the dramatic or upon shore. The comic was his vein, and he was probably aware of it, for he worked that vein perseveringly. But a man cannot always write funny sea-novels. He must either stop

writing when the rich vein is exhausted, or strike another. Captain Marryatt, after mining silver—producing the genuine shining ore—condescended to dig for copper. If he had been content with writing less, it would have been better for his reputation. But whoever reads one of his best tales will wish to read all the rest, and judge for himself of their worth.

"The Poucher" is, like a sailor on land, lubberly in its movements and developments. It has not the *charm* of the sea-tales. Indeed, it is an ordinary story for a common sort of writer—and Captain Marryatt was one among the thousand of story-tellers.

Nothing to Do: A Tilt at our Best Society. Illustrated by James French & Co. 1857.

flow on very easily, it wants the keenness of humor of the original. It contains, however, some good things, and well sets forth the contemptible folly of an upstart pride, on the part of the possessor of inherited wealth, in whom often may centre ignorance and meanness, and exposes the shifts to which would-be tip-tops of people of fashion sometimes resort to secure their ends. The incidents are but few. The one of the portrait of a falling speculator's father, in modern costume, bought at auction and hung up as a representative of a knight of England's best days of chivalry, and a pretended ancestor, is well imagined; and more than

one similar incident, no doubt, has happened in fact among the upper ten. The item, taken from the journal of the tourist at Athens, has, in point, as fairly descriptive of such a class of men as make the grand tour because it is fashionable. They have money, and must be able to say they have been abroad, though they return no wiser, only more conceited, than when they started from home. We should like to quote a page or two of this, but prefer to give the close of the poem, which embraces the moral, and which is a good specimen of the style of the whole, but in some respects more serious in its satire:

O ye who in life are content to be drones,
 And idly by the mill of life are stones
 To rear the great temple which Adam reared,
 Whereof the All-Father has given each man
 A part in the building—pray look the world through,
 And say, if you can, you have nothing to do!
 Were man sent here solely to eat, drink, and sleep,
 And some only that which he himself hoped to reap—
 If he did his toll, he would have no more to give;
 Had he answered in full the whole end of his existence
 Where then would be poets, philanthropists, sages,
 Who have written their names high on history's page?
 They stood not aloof from the battle of life,
 But, placing themselves in the van of the strife,
 They have made man's life more beautiful and true,
 Left their deeds and their names a bequest to the world.
 Have you ever (forgive me the bold importunity)
 Reckoned up your outstanding account with society,
 Or considered how far, should your life close to-morrow

You would merit her real and genuine sorrow?
If in giving, the words be no wiser or better
For your having lived there, then you are her debtor;
And if, as Faith, Reason, and Scripture, all show,
God rewards us in heaven for the good done below,
I pray you take heed, life worldling, lest you
With that better world should have nothing to do."

Putnam's Monthly. New York: Miller & Curtis.

The September number of this racy magazine is received. It contains a capital table of contents. Putnam has no longer a politics department; it is now purely a literary monthly. It is very readable now, if its articles are not written with the ability which former numbers characterized it.

The September number is well filled, and like its predecessors, elegantly issued. It is a universal favorite.

President Buchanan says, in reply to the proposition of the New Haven gentlemen that he would not use the army to enforce the outrageous Kansas laws, "that he will execute the law with God's help." If he waits till God helps him execute those infamous frauds on the people and outrages on law, the citizens of Kansas will never have much to complain of.

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